

Hail to our Chief who has led us in triumph!
Welcome his birthday, by land or by sea -
Through fair wind or stormy wind, ever
Merry and cheery, wherever he be.

Ever our foremost guide
Up the steep mountain side,
Waving his alpstock along the steep way!
- Light as the snow on the crest of the

Mountain
Let each year add its fringe to the soft silver
grey!

When our leader is bent on a thorough "girare"
Beware! for he'll steal a march on the sun;
or is when he skipped down one fine day from

and over the Wengern Alp "the Mürren"
"just took a run".
In wildest Mountain nook

Never a stranger,
For Alpine flowers greet him, and
welcome a friend -
- With love and good wishes we'll
make of his birthday
A day of rejoicing and thanks without end.

Nov 18th 1889